

De La Soul Lyrics

"CBGBS"

[Posdnuos:]

Beach boy bonanza, sunrise, get up
Surfin' on a curb from inception of a set-up
Planet in black granite, halos above it
The autopsy can't top me, beloved
Dissect survival, passed on a whisper
Placed on the mother who shunned, now it's the
Boys who shot joy inside the violent
(Hell from New York) with a mars inside it

[Dave:]

This is for the bottom of the deck (yo, who got squad?)
They call us the the little goat cheese (let's get the engine, baby)
I rev it like Run, the squint in the sun
I bet you bottom dollar I get louder than a bomb
A pH balance, son, I walk the phenom
Like typo, might go, dope in the stash

[Posdnuous:]

Crooked counterfeits (we keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (straight cash)
(Cash, cash)

You're a peanut with a cashew